

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



LIFE OR DEATH?

## THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE LADIES VISIT THE INVALID AT CLIFF COTTAGE.

MISS WARDOUR and Mary Talbot visited Mr. Aston, agreeably to the rector's promise.

The invalid was seated at the parlour-window when the two young ladies entered the garden gate, and as they advanced up the gravel-walk he obtained a full view of Mary Talbot's features, and felt satisfied that she was indeed his sister's child.

He had anticipated the visit, and he held in his hand

a miniature portrait which he had taken from the pocket-book saved from the wreck.

"The likeness is perfect," he said to himself. "I could fancy that I saw my sister before me. There can be no mistake."

It cost him a great effort to conceal his agitation, and he had hardly time to replace the miniature in his pocket-book, ere the ladies were announced by the servant. When, however, they entered the parlour, he had so far recovered the control of his features that the emotion he betrayed when he met them might have been reasonably attributed to the effects of his recent illness.

K

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Mr. Aston," said Miss Wardour, coming cheerfully forward and offering her hand to the invalid, "let me introduce to you Miss Mary Talbot. My uncle, I understand, has spoken to you of the young lady; therefore I need say no more, but leave you to make each other's acquaintance."

"I am very happy to make the acquaintance of Miss Talbot," replied the invalid; but despite his efforts to appear at ease, his voice trembled as he spoke, and when he grasped Mary's hand in his own, he gazed so earnestly into her face that she blushed, and turned away her head.

Miss Wardour, however, thought the invalid's unwonted agitation of voice and manner was caused by weakness, and observed feelingly—

"I am truly sorry to find you looking so ill, Mr. Aston; still I hope you are improving rapidly, and that we shall soon see you at the Rectory again?"

"I am recovering as fast as Doctor Pendriggen will let me," replied the invalid, assuming an aspect of cheerfulness; "but when once an unfortunate being finds himself under the doctor's hands, there's no knowing when he will be permitted to escape from the thrall. I've learnt that much to my cost since I've been in England. Now, however, that you young ladies have once broken the ice, I hope you will visit me frequently, and I am sure your visits will do me vastly more good than all the medicines in the Pharmacopœia."

"A very gallant speech," replied Miss Wardour; "but I'm afraid there's more flattery than truth in it."

"Not at all; I mean what I say. And moreover, I'm going to put your good nature to the test. The doctor won't permit me to read, and Mr. Sinclair assured me that you—both of you—would gratify me, and enable me to pass away pleasantly what will be otherwise long weary hours—by reading to me; I would add, and by playing, but I have no pianoforte in the cottage. Still I mean to get one from Falmouth. It was an oversight of yours, not to order a piano, Miss Wardour."

"Was it likely, Mr. Aston, that I should order a pianoforte without receiving especial directions to do so from you? How was I to know that you played, or even that you were fond of music?"

"I do not play. But you must think me a great flatterer indeed if you don't know whether I am fond of music, after the admiration you have heard me express of your execution at the piano when I was your guest at the Rectory. Besides, did you imagine that I never intended to invite ladies to my cottage?"

"And then I have a daughter, whom you may perhaps see some day, and she, I assure you, is quite a proficient in music, although she is a backwoods girl."

"However, the mistake is easily rectified. I'll send an order to Falmouth to-morrow, and then, when the instrument arrives, you and Miss Talbot must choose a place where to put it. Does Miss Talbot play?"

"Very much better than I do, Mr. Aston. I am really ashamed of my performance since I have listened to hers."

"I am glad to hear that the young lady plays music"—and as he spoke he glanced so approvingly at Mary, that she blushed deeply beneath his gaze. "If, however, she plays better than you, Miss Sinclair," he added, "she must play well indeed; for, though I am no musician myself, I am something of a critic in music."

"At all events you read admirably well, and so I hear does Miss Talbot. May I hope that you will soon give me an opportunity to judge of your merits in that rare accomplishment?"

"I am afraid that you are a severe critic in that as well as in other things," replied Miss Wardour.

"I've heard of your severe disapproval of poor Margery's readings. My uncle says you described it as something terrible, and—if I mistake not—he added that you intend putting the poor woman through a series of nursery readings, to commence with "Goody Two Shoes," and "Cinderella?"

Mr. Aston looked somewhat foolish, as both the young ladies laughed at the idea of the old servant reading "Goody Two Shoes" to her master. He, however, soon joined in the laugh.

"I wasn't aware that Mr. Sinclair heard me," he explained. "I did set Margery to read Shakespeare to me, which I acknowledge was very silly on my part, and I was still more silly to be angry because the poor woman failed; but you cannot conceive how weary I sometimes feel of this life of utter inactivity and confinement. However, the 'Goody Two Shoes' readings were, I assure you, Margery's own proposition—not mine."

After this sally on the part of Miss Wardour, and Mr. Aston's explanation, the whole party were more at their ease. The young ladies remained chatting cheerfully upon various topics for an hour, and when they took their departure they promised to call the next day and read to him if he felt inclined to listen.

During his conversation with his visitors, Mr. Aston had, as it were, carelessly put several questions to Mary Talbot, whose replies would have satisfied him that she was indeed the daughter of his sister Mary if he had still entertained any doubt that such was the case.

No doubt, however, existed in his mind, and when he was again alone he gave free scope to his feelings, which were embittered by the thought that he would never again see his sister in this world. He learnt from Mary that her brother was expected to visit St. David previous to his departure for America, and he resolved that he would keep his secret intact until he had seen the youth.

"When the boy is about to embark," he thought to himself, "I will furnish him with letters to his cousins, and others who may be able to serve him; for I will not oppose his going to America. Even if he soon return to England, the experience he will thus acquire will be of service to him in future; but before he sails I will reveal my relationship both to him and his sister. They shall learn, poor children, that they are not alone in the world, and that the day is not far distant when the oppressors of the orphan child shall find to their sorrow that though Heaven's justice appears sometimes to move slowly it never sleeps."

From that day Mr. Aston took great interest in Mary Talbot. He rapidly improved in health, and was soon able to walk abroad and visit the schools and the Rectory, though the internal injuries he had received at the time of the wreck necessitated great caution on his part, and above all, perfect freedom from excitement. These injuries, however, were not very serious, and Doctor Pendriggen was satisfied that with the exercise of due care on his own part he would in course of time perfectly recover his health. The only fear was lest in his utter carelessness of himself when he felt in tolerably good health, he might by over-exertion bring about a relapse.

As may be readily imagined, Mr. Aston was felt to be a great acquisition to a parish which contained so few residents above the labouring classes; for though a few of the farmers and master-fishermen were in easy pecuniary circumstances, the adult population were almost wholly uneducated. Few could do more than

read and write, and even the village school-mistresses, who were regarded by the simple villagers as marvels of scholarship, were only qualified to instruct the children in the commonest rudiments of education.

Even Doctor Pendriggen, with his peculiar theory respecting the impolicy of over-educating the labouring classes, had no cause to dread the effects of the education these two elderly dames were capable of imparting to the children under their charge.

Mary Talbot had experienced so much unexpected kindness since she had come among her new friends, that Mr. Aston's evident partiality towards her did not surprise her as it might have done otherwise. The day after her first visit to Cliff Cottage he ordered a piano-forte from Falmouth, and he made the possession of this instrument a pretext for frequent invitations to Miss Wardour and Mary to repeat their visits; and moreover, he never invited a party to dine or spend the evening at the cottage without including the young governess in the list of his invited guests.

Thus several weeks passed away, until at length Henry Talbot arrived on his long-promised visit to his sister before he should embark for America.

#### CHAPTER XV.—HENRY TALBOT'S VISIT TO ST. DAVID IS BROUGHT TO AN UNLOOKED-FOR CONCLUSION.

MR. ASTON had held frequent conversations with Mary respecting her brother's visit to America, and through his advice, imparted by Mary, Henry Talbot, who cared not to what particular portion of the United States he emigrated, was induced to alter his original intention of proceeding to New York, and to take passage instead to New Orleans, where Mr. Aston had influential friends to whom he promised to give the young man letters of introduction.

Henry Talbot's visit had, however, been so frequently unavoidably postponed, that when at length he arrived at St. David, but a few days remained to him ere he expected to be summoned back to London to join the ship on board of which he had taken passage.

Mary had previously engaged lodgings for her brother at the farmhouse where she herself resided, in order that he might be with her as much as possible during the period of his brief sojourn. She wished to render his visit as agreeable as possible, and to gratify her, Mr. Sinclair and his niece, and Dr. Pendriggen and Mr. Sharpe extended a cordial welcome to the young man. Of all Mary Talbot's friends, however, Mr. Aston attached himself to her brother in the kindest manner. He seemed, in fact, to take as much interest in the youth as he had previously taken in Mary herself, and hardly a day passed in which he and Henry did not walk together, either into the country or along the seashore, the elder leaning on the arm of the younger, and conversing with him respecting the distant land for which he was so soon to embark.

Mary, however, was not so happy in her brother's visit as she had expected to be. As day after day flew rapidly by she could not conceal from herself the fact that each passing day brought the hour nearer when she must part from the only relative whom she knew or cared for on earth—perhaps for ever in this world.

She was also troubled with other anxieties. As has been told, the money which the sale of the furniture at Rose Cottage had brought had been equally divided between the brother and sister; but while Mary had hitherto kept her portion intact, she was well aware that her brother's share had been almost wholly absorbed in the purchase of his outfit, the payment of his passage to New Orleans, and other expenses. Acting under

Mr. Aston's advice, Henry intended to proceed from New Orleans to the great western emporium of St. Louis, and Mary was perfectly well aware that the cost of the passage to New Orleans was greater than that to New York, and that her brother would likewise have to defray the expenses of a long inland river journey after his arrival on the American shore, in order to reach St. Louis.

She almost wished now that Henry, notwithstanding Mr. Aston's liberal promises, had adhered to his original intention, and taken passage for New York. She could not bear to think of his landing, a stranger and almost penniless, in a foreign land; and at length she spoke to him on the subject.

"Henry, dear," she said, "what will you do? how will you manage, landing in America, as you necessarily must, almost destitute of money?"

"I must do as others do, I suppose, Mary. I must do as many have done before me, and as many more will do after me—earn money as soon as possible," replied the young man gaily. "However," he added, "I shall not be absolutely without money. I shall have fifteen or twenty pounds in my pocket."

"Fifteen or twenty pounds, Henry! What is that?"

"Oh, I don't know *how* many dollars—nearly a hundred, I suspect: more than a great many emigrants land with, Mary. It's a capital plan to count in dollars, it has such a sound with it; though the French system of reckoning in francs is better still for those who, like myself, have not a great amount to reckon."

"Seriously, Henry," replied Mary, "you must accept the money that I have lying useless at the bank. I have asked you to do so before. Now this change—this going to New Orleans instead of to New York—renders your acceptance of the money imperative."

"Seriously, my dear Mary, I shall do nothing of the kind," returned Henry.

"Recollect," continued Mary, "the long journey you have before you after you reach New Orleans. Suppose you should fall sick? Suppose that, after all your hopeful anticipations, you should fail to procure immediate employment at St. Louis? A hundred accidents may happen. I wish, Henry, that you would not leave me at all; but if you will go away, the money I have laid by, which is really of no service to me, may be very necessary to you."

"No, Mary," replied Henry, "I cannot and will not accept your money. You may require it yourself; and suppose you *should* need it, what should I think of myself, knowing that I had left you penniless?"

"It is not likely that I shall need it, Henry," replied Mary. "You see how comfortably I am situated here. I have a sufficient salary, and kind friends, and even if those friends should fail me, I can find a home, and a friend in Mrs. Margaret."

Henry, however, persisted in declining his sister's generous offer. He was sanguine in his belief that he would be immediately successful in America; and, reduced in circumstances as he and his sister had become through the sad and untimely fate of their father, he had as yet no idea of the crushing poverty which makes people feel the real use—the absolute need of money. Even though he had known that he would be left really penniless in America, he could not yet have conceived any notion of the terrible distress to which he might be reduced.

"Mary," he said, "there is no knowing what may happen to either of us. I know that money is useful in America as well as here; and if I had a few hundred pounds to spare I should be very glad of it. But your



share of the money brought by the sale I will not touch. I have no doubt that I have enough for my needs; but whether or no, I will not take yours, so please not to ask me again. Promise me, for every time you urge me to do so you make me uncomfortable;" and at length Mary reluctantly gave the required promise, and the subject was not again alluded to by either of them.

But three days of Henry Talbot's visit remained to him, when one morning Mr. Aston called at the farmhouse and invited the young man to accompany him on a ramble along the sea shore.

"You will soon leave us," he said, "and I want to have a long talk with you, and to explain to you what I have done to forward your prospects when you reach America. We will then return together to Cliff Cottage, where perhaps Miss Talbot will rejoin us, when she has completed her duties for the day. I have something to explain which I think may be of interest to both of you."

To this proposition Mary gladly assented, and Mr. Aston and her brother went forth together.

As they passed through the village they met the postman, who handed Henry a letter.

"From the captain of the New Orleans packet-ship Amazon," said the young man, glancing at the post mark and the superscription. "I know its purport," he went on; "it is to summon me to meet the ship in London on Saturday. The captain promised me he would drop me a line. Well, unpleasant news will keep. I would gladly stay here another week for poor Mary's sake;" and with this he slipped the letter into his coat pocket, to be read on his return home.

Mr. Aston had by this time apparently perfectly recovered from his illness. Still he was cautioned by Dr. Pendriggen not to over-exert himself, nor to excite himself in any way whatever. This morning, however, he walked along the shore to a much greater distance than was usual with him; and, though he had told Henry that he had something particular to communicate to him, he continued to converse upon ordinary topics. He hesitated, however, from time to time, as if he had something on his mind of which he found it difficult to disburden himself.

Henry could not help remarking his companion's unusual nervousness. He fancied also that Mr. Aston leant more heavily than usual on his arm, and at length he hinted that he thought they had rambled far enough, and had better begin to turn their steps homewards.

Mr. Aston, however, replied that he was not at all fatigued, and continued his walk, leaning still more heavily upon the young man's arm, and sometimes, as Henry fancied, talking somewhat wildly.

The young man began to feel alarmed, when at length Mr. Aston said—

"I think I will rest a while. The sun has affected my head. I shall feel better after a short rest, and then we will return homeward. I think, after all, I will put off what I had to say to you until we meet Mary in the evening."

A smooth, dry rock, often used as a seat by rambles along the shore, and by the fishermen when mending their nets, was not far distant. They walked towards it, and Mr. Aston seated himself upon it.

"I think I will now glance at my letter," said Henry, when his companion had seated himself, "though I can guess beforehand what are its contents."

As he spoke he drew the letter from his pocket, broke the seal, and had just glanced at the very brief

contents, when he was startled by a deep groan, and, turning quickly round, he saw that Mr. Aston had fainted, and was in the act of falling forward from the rock. The young man dropped the letter, and, springing towards his elder companion, was just in time to catch him in his arms, and probably to save him from injuring himself severely against the rough, sharp pebbles of the beach.

It was the first time he had ever seen any one in such a condition, for Mr. Aston was deathly pale, and totally unconscious; nevertheless, he loosened his neck-cloth and unbuttoned his coat and waistcoat, and then looked round in search of help.

A party of fishermen were busy drying their nets a short distance off, and Henry shouted and beckoned to them, until at length they heard him and came running to his assistance.

"Bring water, quick," cried the young man, and the fishermen, all of whom knew Mr. Aston by sight, promptly obeyed. Salt water was brought from the pools in the sand, and dashed into the fainting man's face, and various other rude means were employed to bring him back to life, without the slightest apparent success.

"Aw do b'lieve un be dead, puir genelman!" said one of the fishermen.

"What is to be done?" cried Henry, in an agony of alarm. "He must be carried home. A doctor must be sent for. He *can't* be dead! But just now he was talking with me, apparently quite well in health. Can you carry him home? I will pay you for your trouble?"

"Ay wull us, measter, an' i'thout pay too," cried two or three voices at the same moment; and some of the party went to their boats for oars and stretchers, while others took off their heavy pilot-coats, wherewith to form a couch.

While this was being done Henry saw the letter he had dropped lying on the pebbles at his feet. He stooped to pick it up, and in so doing glanced hurriedly at the yet unknown contents.

Then a new alarm came over him. He drew forth his watch, and saw that it was already eleven o'clock.

"What is to be done?" he exclaimed. "The mail-coach passes by the village at half-past twelve, and if I cannot take passage in it I shall be ruined!"

He addressed himself to the fishermen, in his alarm and bewilderment, as though they were acquainted with all his plans.

"I have taken passage on board ship for New Orleans," he continued. "The vessel *was* to have sailed on Thursday next, and I have just received a letter from the captain to acquaint me that she will sail positively on Wednesday. If I do not leave here by the mail to-day, I shall lose my passage-money and all my clothing and outfit. What on earth can I do?"

He addressed himself to men accustomed to, and prompt to meet emergencies.

"Thou mun be off, young measter," replied the oldest of the fishermen. "We'll carr' th' poor genelman whoam. Bless tha, we know's un well enow, an' thou'll mayhap do more good if tha goes whoam, an' sends for t' doctor to meet un, nor if tha stays here."

"Will you promise me to convey him quickly and carefully to Cliff Cottage?"

"Sure us wull, measter. What do tha tak' us for?"

Henry took a guinea from his purse, one of the few coins that remained to him. "I don't know what else I *can* do," he said; "be careful—very careful. I may perhaps be of more service by preparing the servants



and sending for the doctor. I don't like to leave him, but I have no alternative. Take this, (he held forth the guinea); I would give you more if I could afford it, and I will hasten to the village and give the alarm before I go."

"Us don't want thy money, measter," replied one of the men for his companions; "go tha away and send for doctor, an' we'll bring un whoam."

Henry cast a glance of deep concern and pity upon his kind friend. His heart smote him for leaving him in such a condition; but he really had no alternative save the ruin of all his hopes, and he thought, as the fishermen said, he might do more service by hastening home than by remaining.

He was turning away when he saw Jemmy Tapley, the old wooden-legged seaman, who has before been introduced to the readers of this history, approaching towards him.

Henry had already made the acquaintance of the old man, whom he knew to be a favourite of Mr. Aston's; he therefore hastened to meet him, and briefly explained what had occurred.

"I don't know these men, Tapley," he said to him. "They will be careful, I daresay; but I'm sure if I entrust him to *your* charge, you'll see that he is carried carefully. I may be of more service by hastening to give the alarm than by remaining here. At all events, I *must* go."

Jemmy Tapley readily promised to take charge of the sick gentleman, and see that he was carried carefully and quickly home; and, scarcely waiting to hear the old sailor's promise, Henry hastened away at the top of his speed, and soon reached the schoolhouse, where, as he expected, he found his sister.

Terrified at her brother's wild looks, Mary started up from her seat, and inquired in a faltering voice what had occurred to alarm him.

Henry briefly explained the circumstances of Mr. Aston's sudden and serious, if not fatal attack, and then, holding forth the letter, added—

"And I, Mary, have received a letter from Captain Dobson, of the Amazon. The vessel leaves the London Docks positively on Wednesday morning. I must leave St. David immediately and haste to London by the mail, which will pass by the village in less than an hour, or I shall miss the ship, forfeit my passage-money, and lose my whole outfit, which is already on board. I am very sorry. I hoped to have spent three more days with you; but there is no help for it. Then it seems so heartless, so unfeeling, to leave Mr. Aston, who has shown us both so much kindness, in his present condition, without waiting even to hear the result of the seizure. But what can I do? What *can* I do? You know that an hour's delay would blight all my hopes in the future."

For a few moments Mary stood pale and trembling. Mr. Aston's sudden attack of illness, and her brother's equally sudden and unexpected summons to return to London, both told to her in the same breath, shocked and bewildered her; but she presently recovered herself.

"You must go, Henry dear," she said, "if now, at the last moment, you will not listen to my request and remain in England. If you will do that, let your outfit go, forfeit your passage-money, and make use of the money I possess, lying idle in the bank."

Henry shook his head.

"It would be a cowardly act on my part to shrink—to slink away at the last moment. If Mr. Aston recover, which I hope he will do, he would be the first to

blame me; and once again, Mary, I repeat that I will not stoop so low as to rob *you* of your small store of money."

"Then you must lose no time, Henry. Much as I regret your sudden departure, I should do wrong to detain you a single moment. You have, of course, despatched a messenger to Dr. Pondriggen?"

"I have not. In my confusion I forgot to do so."

"Oh, Henry dear," replied Mary; and there was a slight tone of reproach in her voice. Then she continued—

"Go you to Dr. Pondriggen's house, Jane Harvey, and you too, Betsy Wilcox" (addressing two of the elder girls of the class). "Try which can be the swifter messenger. Tell the doctor that Mr. Aston has been seized with a fainting fit on the beach, and is being brought home by some of the fishermen. Hasten, girls, and tell the doctor to come at once, or—Stay, I will give you a note, Jane—you start off at once, Betsy."

She wrote in pencil on a slip of paper—

"Dr. Pondriggen,—Mr. Aston is seriously ill—perhaps dying. Come immediately to Cliff Cottage."

"MARY TALBOT."

This note she handed to her youthful pupil, and bade her hasten after Betsy. Another of the girls was sent with a message to the Rectory, and yet another to Mr. Sharpe. Then, again addressing her brother, Mary continued—"You have not a moment to lose, Henry. You had better go home and pack your trunk forthwith, and get Farmer Hobson to drive you to the end of the lane where the coach passes. I will excuse you to Mr. Aston. Write, if it be but a line, the moment you arrive in London, and write again by the pilot who will take the ship out of the river. I will write you a letter to-night and let you know how Mr. Aston is. And now, goodbye my dear brother, and may the blessing of Heaven attend and protect you. I will explain to Mr. Sinclair and the rest how you came to leave us so suddenly. Good bye, and never forget me, Henry. I shall think of *you* day and night, and never forget you when I kneel to pray."

Tears prevented further utterance. The brother and sister tenderly embraced each other, and parted, as they expected, for years—for ought they knew, for ever.

Henry Talbot hastened to his lodgings, hurriedly packed his portmanteau, and was driven to the end of the lane by Farmer Hobson. He just barely managed to catch the mail-stage, which always stopped to change horses at an inn about half a mile from the village, and the next minute was whirling rapidly away towards the great metropolis.

## SPERM WHALE FISHING.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

THE sperm whale is not confined to one part of the ocean, but wanders in search of its food much farther than the true or Greenland whale. It is found on both sides of the line in the Pacific; as far north as California, on the American coast, and off Japan on the west; among many of the numerous groups of islands scattered over that ocean, off Australia, and New Zealand; in the China Seas and Persian Gulf, and in the Atlantic; he not only crosses the line, but has occasionally been seen not far off the Chops of the British Channel.

He wanders into these various regions, not on account of a peculiarly roving disposition, but in search of his favourite food, a hideous animal of the cuttle-fish

kind, called by sailors the sea squid, and known to naturalists as the "Sepia Octopus," one of an interesting family of mollusca denominated Cephasopoda, or creatures with arms and feet growing out of their heads. Even the shark seems disposed to allow the whale the monopoly of this charming animal for food. Its head is armed with a sharp beak, and its long tentacula are terminated by claws with which it catches hold of its prey. It varies greatly in size. The arms of those commonly seen are from one to two feet long, but they have been found with tentacula six feet in length; and there is on record one which was discovered in the inside of a whale, with a tentaculum twenty-seven feet long. With these powerful arms the creature encircles its prey, and the natives of the South Sea Islands, who will boldly attack a shark with a knife in the water, have a dread of falling into its deadly embrace. The squid is, however, eaten by the inhabitants of many coasts, and among others by those of the Mediterranean, where, however, the sperm whale does not venture.

There is a species of the Sepia Octopus known as the rock squid, from its being able to move along over rocks out of the water, somewhat in spider fashion. A naturalist, on one occasion hunting for shells, had his arm grasped by one of these creatures, and it was not without difficulty that he prevented it from fixing its horned beak in his arm, nor could he get it off until it was cut away piece by piece with a knife.

Besides the squid, the sperm whale swallows certain fish of the size of a small cod. They and the squid are both attracted into his huge mouth, it is said, by a certain white glittering appearance in the lining.

Our readers need scarcely be reminded that the whale is, properly speaking, a sea animal or beast, and not a fish, for it produces its young and suckles them as do land animals, being viviparous and a mammifer.

The sperm whale is very unlike the Greenland whale. Its head, which constitutes about one-third of the length of the animal, has a thick blunt extremity called the snout, in shape not unlike the bottom of a black porter bottle. Immediately behind this huge head, or what may be called the shoulder, is a protuberance known as the hump of the neck. This is the thickest part of the body, which from this point very gradually diminishes for about another third of the whole length, when the tail commences. Here also is a protuberance called the "hump," succeeded by lesser humps called the "ridge," half-way down the tail. The tail is known as the "small" by whalers; towards the end it is not thicker than the body of a man, and at the end it expands into a triangular fin something like the tail of a fish, six or eight feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen in width in a full-grown male. This formidable implement, called by whalers the "flukes," enables the creature to swim at a rapid rate, to dive, and even to leap out of the water, while one blow from it dashes the stoutest whale-boat to fragments.

The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head. Both jaws, especially the lower, are contracted in front to a very narrow point, and serve the same purpose which a cutwater does to a ship. In the lower are forty-two large teeth, which fit into cases in the upper, which has none. The throat is large enough to admit the body of a man. The eyes, placed a little above and behind the angle of the mouth, are small, and furnished with eyelids. At a short distance behind them are the openings for the ears, large enough to admit a small quill. Not far behind the mouth are the fins, analogous to the arms of a man; they are less used by the animal for swimming, which is performed by the tail, than for

balancing, or diving, or supporting its young. They are about six feet long. It has but a single blowing-hole or nostril, placed in the upper and front angle of the head. In blowing, the jet of water is thrown upwards and forwards, spreading out like a stalked plume. In the head is a large triangular cavity called the "case," which contains often a ton, or more than ten large barrels, of spermaceti. This oily fluid, from its extreme lightness enables the animal to keep its vast head out of the water. Below the case is a thick elastic mass, infiltrated with oil and spermaceti, which also contributes to the lightness of the head.

The skin of the sperm whale is generally black, and immediately under it is an oily mass on the breast, about fourteen inches thick, and on other parts of the body eight to eleven inches thick. It is called by sailors the "blanket," an appropriate name, as it serves to protect the animal from the cold of the water as it approaches Antarctic regions, and also adds greatly to its buoyancy.

When cut off it is known as blubber, and furnishes the greater part of the oil for which the creature is killed. A full-sized sperm whale, such as has been described, is about eighty-four feet long, with a depth of body of twelve or fourteen feet, and a circumference, therefore, of thirty-six feet. The head is from eight to nine feet deep, and five to six wide. Such is a very brief description of the mighty Leviathan of the South Seas. He is also powerful in strength, and sagacious, and is believed to be capable of feelings of revenge against those who attack him.

Among the earliest captors of the sperm whale were settlers in what were then British colonies of North America. They pursued the animal when it appeared off their own coasts, in open boats, after a rude fashion learned from the native Indians. Their descendants have persevered in the occupation, and at the present day they send out more vessels to the South Seas, from Boston and other parts of the United States, than do all the other nations of the world put together.

About ninety-two years ago the first expeditions were fitted out for the capture of the sperm whale, from English ports, encouraged by high bounties. The principal resorts of the animal not being known, and the seamen probably not being very expert, no great success was achieved.

English vessels were, however, the first to follow the chase in the Pacific and off New Zealand and Japan, where they met with abundant success. The most enterprising merchant who engaged in the trade was Mr. Enderby, at the end of the last century, and his descendants have till within a few years continued to carry it on with great vigour. Their last enterprise was the formation of a whaling establishment on the Auckland Islands, granted by Government to their firm; but it was after a time, from various causes abandoned. At one time a number of South Sea whalers sailed from London, Liverpool, and other British ports, but at the present day there is not one engaged in the trade belonging to any English port. The reason of this is simple: they had to remain out two, three, and even four years, and often in a battered condition, to make the long voyage home. It was therefore found to answer better to fit out vessels at Sydney and other Australian and New Zealand ports in the very centre of the regions where the whales abound, and to bring home the oil in ordinary traders, sailed at a much less expense than are whalers. To those ports, therefore, the English trade has been completely transferred, though it is still pursued vigorously from Boston and other ports in the United States.

The vessels employed in the trade were and are of from three to four hundred tons, barge-rigged, with somewhat short yards, so as to be easily handled, wall-sided, and painted black. They carry six boats, long, narrow, and sharp at both ends, hoisted up three on either side, and about thirty-two men, including a surgeon. They are furnished with casks and huge cauldrons for boiling down the blubber, part of which serves for fuel.

The boats are fitted in a peculiar manner. At one end, looked upon as the stern, is an upright piece of wood called the logger-head, and at the other a groove through which the harpoon-line runs out. Each boat has two lines of 200 fathoms in length, coiled carefully away in their respective tubs. There are also four harpoons, three lances, a keg containing a lantern, tinder-box, and other small articles; the object of the lantern being to show a light in case of being benighted; three or four small flags, called whiffs, to be inserted in the dead whale, should the boats have to leave it in pursuit of another; and also some pieces of board called drougues, to be attached to the harpoon-line, in order to check the speed of the whale when running or sounding. Four of these boats are generally employed at a time, with six men in each, commanded by the captain and his mates, who steer the boats till the moment for attacking the whale arrives, when they change places with the headsmen and act as harpooners.

Arrived on the ground the vessels are kept ready, with two men aloft on the look-out for whales. "There she spouts!" cries one of them. "There again!" pointing in the direction where he has seen the spout. In an instant all is activity. The boats are manned; away they go at full speed after the whale. Before they reach it the animal sounds, that is, dives beneath the surface. The experienced captain has marked where he went down, and, as the whale cannot remain under water beyond a certain time, looks anxiously for his re-appearance. Up the whale comes. Again the boats are in hot pursuit. The captain, who has been steering in the leading boat, springs to the bows, and seizing the harpoon darts it with all the force of his muscular arm into the animal's side. "Stern all!" he then cries; and high time it is to be out of the huge creature's reach, for he begins to lash with his tail, and turn and twist in every way, till the surrounding water is a mass of foam. Sometimes he darts off, with the boat dragging after him at a furious rate. At other times he sounds, and then, when the first line has nearly run out, the second is attached, and at times the other boats, coming up, their lines are also joined on, to such a depth does the whale sink. In this case, however, as well as from running, the whale soon exhausts himself, and the boats, dashing after him directly he appears, more lances are plunged into his side, and the death flurry soon comes on. A violent shudder passes through the vast frame, and the animal then begins to lash his tail and twist and struggle more furiously than before. Woe betide the boat and her crew within reach of those vast flukes at that moment. One blow from them would dash her to fragments, and send the men swimming for their lives. When sounding, a large whale has been known to take out 800 fathoms of line—that is, four lines; at other times, having upset one or more boats, he breaks away, with harpoons fixed in him, 200 fathoms of line, and a drougue or two on to it. In most instances he is overtaken by the other boats, and finally killed, when he turns over on his side.

It is very exciting when a "school" of whales are found, and perhaps each boat is fast to one of them or

again, when several rival whalers are together, and their boats are in chase of the same whale. The prize belongs in such cases to the boat which first is fast.

The whale being killed, the vessel sails up to him, or if there is a calm he is towed alongside. He is first hooked on through a hole cut near the head. The head is next cut off and secured, snout downwards, astern. Then, with ropes round their waists and armed with spades, they descend on the carcass and commence the operation of "cutting in." This is to cut with the spade a strip between two and three feet broad, in a spiral direction round the body of the whale. This strip, called the blanket-piece, or pieces, is hauled on deck by tackles from the main yard, worked by the capstan, and as the blanket-pieces ascend the body turns round and round until the whole is cut off to the flukes. The lean carcass is then cast loose to float away, and the fluid spermaceti is drawn up by a bucket out of the case, astern, and when that is done the junk is cut off and hoisted on board.

The next operation is that of "trying out," that is, boiling down the blanket-pieces and spermaceti. The cauldrons, or "try-pots," are fixed in their places on deck. The crisp membranous parts, after the oil is extracted, called "scraps," are employed as fuel. The valuable spermaceti from the head is boiled by itself, and of course kept in separate casks.

The operation of boiling down the blubber of a large whale, and stowing away the casks into which the oil is put, amounting to about eighty for each, occupies about three days. A whaler, while this business is going on at night, presents a wild and curious scene, the light of the flames falling on the smoke-begrimed countenances and figures of the men, as with brawny arms they handle their long forks to throw the blanket-pieces into the pots or to feed the fire with scraps. It has, as may be supposed, a repulsive appearance, though in reality the dirt produced is not so great as might be expected, nor does any disagreeable smell attend the operation.

Vessels have been known to return home with upwards of three hundred tons of oil, while others, after an absence of three years, have come back with a shattered hull and worn-out sails, not half full. No wonder, then, that, after the discontinuance of the bounty system, English merchants found more profitable ways for the investment of capital. The largest amount of sperm oil brought into the port of London in one year appears to have been about 8,000 tons. Still, Americans find it answer: the reason is, that the masters are part, if not entire, owners of the ships. They often take their wives and families with them, and make their ships their homes during the cruise; they have followed the calling from father to son; and, what is more, they have picked crews, who remain with them from voyage to voyage, and have an interest in the enterprise, each man, according to his rating, sharing in the profits.

Of late years fire-arms have been used to project harpoons, and it is believed that they answer their purpose, and prevent the necessity of boats approaching quite so close to the whales as was required with the common harpoon; and by this means the risk is somewhat lessened. The chase of the whale still remains, however, the most dangerous pursuit followed by the hardy sons of the ocean.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

##### III.

For the next five years after leaving Congress, Mr. Lincoln quietly pursued his profession of the law, taking



no part in politics during General Taylor's administration. His great political leader, Henry Clay, had resumed his place in the Senate, and was earnestly striving to avert the dangers to the country, which he believed to be threatened by the fierce contests over the

question; so much so indeed that he reduced the Douglas party in the state of Illinois to a hopeless minority.

Proud of his eloquent advocacy and uncompromising zeal, the people of Illinois, when called upon in 1855 to elect a United States senator, chose Mr. Lincoln. This



*J. Rowbotham, del.*

LITTLE PIGEON BAPTIST CHURCH, WHERE THE LINCOLNS WORSHIPPED.

question of slavery. It was, with the slave States, a desperate struggle to retain the balance of power in the Senate by rejecting the application of another free State for admission, the granting of which would destroy the exact equilibrium then existing. The policy of admitting a slave State along with every new free one had substantially prevailed for years; but at this time, despite the extensive additions of Mexican territory, there was no counterbalancing slave State ready for admission. When California was admitted as a free State it was by compromise with the Southerners; and an agitation followed which threatened serious consequences, and which only subsided on the agreement, in 1852, of both parties to accept the compromise as a final settlement. Mr. Lincoln had no share in this settlement, though it is likely that, on the whole, he approved of it.

In 1854 came a shock to all opponents to the spread of slavery, which, like an alarm of "Fire!" in the night, startled them all into immediate action. This was the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill—a bill to admit Nebraska and Kansas as slave-holding States, and which was the cause of the anarchy and bloodshed that prevailed in Kansas during the following year. Indignant at this gross violation of the most solemn pledges, Mr. Lincoln at once addressed himself to the task of opposing so great a wrong. He laid aside his profession, and, determining to do battle for the right, entered into the canvass of 1854, as one of the most active leaders of the anti-Nebraska movement. He addressed the people repeatedly with all his characteristic earnestness and energy. He met, and cowed, Judge Douglas, the author of the "Nebraska Iniquity," in the presence of the masses, and powerfully influenced public feeling on the

was an honour greater than any he had yet attained to; but he saw that his acceptance of it would damage the popular interest, and he at once besought his friends to transfer their votes to Mr. Trumbull, whose election he well knew would be more to their advantage. Mr. Trumbull was accordingly elected, and Lincoln's voluntary self-sacrifice had the effect of giving permanent organisation to the anti-Nebraska party.

In the formation of the Republican party, which in a manner superseded the old Whig party to which he had hitherto adhered, Mr. Lincoln took a prominent part. In 1856, the year of the nomination of Presidential candidates, he adopted the platform of the Republicans of Illinois, which was totally opposed to the spread of slavery, and, starting on the canvass, laboured strenuously during the campaign in sustaining the nominations of Fremont and Dayton. Buchanan, however, was elected President, and came into power in March 1857, and ere long was found to be favourable to the foul policy pursued towards Kansas, and acting in accordance with the dictates of the pro-slavery interest. Then came the Lecompton Convention, which, under its leader, Calhoun, was nothing less than a conspiracy to force in an underhand way a slave constitution on the people of Kansas. Judge Douglas supported the Convention with all the eloquence at his command, and with still greater sophistry; but Lincoln met him, or followed after him, and was successful in overthrowing his arguments and exposing his casuistry. Much of the dispute turned on the Dred Scott decision, the purport of which was, as the reader will recollect, that an escaped slave should be restored to his owner when caught in a free State. Judge Douglas would have made this decision

a perpetual law—a charter, in fact, for slavery; Lincoln would have it reconsidered and reversed, so that it might be quoted as a charter for freedom. His arguments on this question, which we have not space to give here, were most subtle and ingenious, while they were

its work, Judge Douglas, who more than any one else had nursed it with strength, suddenly turned round and embraced the opposite side of the question. Whatever his motive, people did not fail to attribute his tergiversation to the fact that his seat in the senate would



*A. Lincoln*

obviously unanswerable. They were indeed so little to the taste of his learned opponent, that that worthy

depend on the election which was shortly about to come off in Illinois, where the disputant whose arguments he



LINCOLN HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

showed ever afterwards a decided disinclination to a personal renewal of the dispute.

In 1858, after the Lecompton Convention had done

so little relished had already been nominated, and where, on the 15th of June, a resolution had been passed at Springfield, declaring "That Abraham Lincoln is the

first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois, for the United States Senate, as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas."

The contest was both sharp and severe, and none the less so that it was carried on without any show of acrimony on either side. It was prolonged until the end of October, and created an extraordinary interest, not only in Illinois but throughout the whole country. It was evident to most observers that Lincoln was from day to day gaining a decided advantage over his antagonist, whom he repeatedly forced into admissions essentially damaging to his political character and prospects. In the joint discussions held from time to time, the balance of argument seemed invariably to the credit of Lincoln. In the end, however, Lincoln was defeated, not for want of votes, for he had, altogether, more than a thousand majority over Douglas, but by the clever tactics of Douglas's party, who, by diverting their votes, managed ingeniously to obtain majorities in the greatest number of the legislative districts, and thus to make their candidate secure.

The great talent and the manly conduct manifested by Lincoln in this contest were, however, in the end productive of more advantage to him than the gaining of his election as a senator would have been. Throughout the whole campaign he showed himself an able statesman, a powerful orator, a true gentleman, and an honest man; and it was these qualities which now led to the spontaneous suggestion of his name in various parts of the country as a candidate for the presidency. While, therefore, Douglas was returned to the senate, there was a general presentiment that a juster verdict was to be had yet, and that Lincoln and his cause would ultimately triumph.

In 1859, Mr. Lincoln was again on the canvass for the Republican party, and earnestly opposing measures, the tendency of which was to encourage slavery. He visited the State of Ohio, speaking first at Columbus and then at Cincinnati, in both places with marked good effect. In the spring of 1860, in answer to calls made upon him, he visited and spoke at various places in Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island; and journeyed also to New York, where, at the Coopers' Institute, he delivered, on the 27th of February, one of the greatest speeches of his life. It was during his stay at New York at this time, that an interesting incident occurred, which is thus related by a teacher in the Five Points House of Industry, in that city:—

"Our Sunday school in the Five Points was assembled, one Sabbath morning, when I noticed a tall and remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance manifested such a genuine interest, that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and, coming forward, began a simple address which at once fascinated every little hearer and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intensest feeling. The little faces around would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of 'Go on! Oh, do go on!' would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the speaker, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him; and when he was

quietly leaving the room, I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, 'It is Abra'm Lincoln, from Illinois.'

In the spring of 1860 all eyes were turned towards Chicago, where the Republican National Convention was to meet, to consider what names should be put on the Presidential ticket, and to discuss the merits and availability of the men who should be proposed. On the morning of the 18th of May, amidst the most intense though subdued excitement of the twelve thousand people inside the "Wigwam," in which the Convention was held, and the anxious solicitude and suspense of the still greater number outside who could not gain admission, it was voted to proceed at once to ballot for a candidate for President of the United States. Seven names were presented in the following order:—Seward, Lincoln, Dayton, Cameron, Chase, Bates, and McLean. Loud and long-continued applause greeted the first two of these names, and it was soon apparent that between them the chief contest was to be. On the third ballot the name of Lincoln was fifty votes ahead of that of the highest of the competitors. The scene which followed—the wild manifestations of approval and delight within and without the hall, prolonged uninterruptedly for twenty minutes, and renewed again and again for half-an-hour more—it is impossible to describe. Never was a popular assembly more stirred with a contagious and all-pervading enthusiasm. The nomination was made unanimous on the motion of Mr. Everts of New York, and speedily the news of the event sped along the electric wires to all parts of the land. The demonstrations at Chicago were but a representation of the common sentiments of the masses of the Republican party, and of thousands among the people, not before included in its ranks, in the country at large. From that day forth the wisdom of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the highest place in the American Government was universally acknowledged. As a man of the people, in cordial sympathy with the masses, he had the unreserved confidence of the sincere friends of free labour, regardless of party distinctions. As a man of sterling integrity and incorruptible honesty, he was felt to be a suitable agent for upholding the Federal Government in its impending days of trial.

The following is a copy of Mr. Lincoln's letter, accepting the nomination:—

"HON. GEO. ASHMUN, *President of the Rep. Nat. Con.*

"SIR,—I accept the nomination tendered me by the Convention over which you presided, and of which I am formally apprised in the letter of yourself and others, acting as a committee of the Convention for that purpose. The declaration of principles and sentiments which accompanies your letter meets my approval; and it shall be my care not to violate, nor disregard it in any part. Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention, to the rights of all the States and Territories, and the people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution, and to the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention.

"Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The popular favour with which the nomination of Mr. Lincoln had been received was strengthened by the spirited canvass that followed. The result of operations was not declared until the 13th of February, 1861, when it was found that for Abraham Lincoln the electoral votes were more than double the number



obtained for any one of the other candidates. The Vice-President, Mr. Breckenridge, therefore officially declared Abraham Lincoln elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1861.

On the morning of February 11th, Mr. Lincoln, with his family, left Springfield for Washington. A large concourse of citizens had assembled at the depôt on the occasion of his departure, whom, with deep emotion, he addressed as follows:—"My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He could never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive

that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Having traced the career of Abraham Lincoln from infancy to mature manhood, and from the humblest industrial labour to the possession of the highest dignity which his country could bestow, we take leave of him here, feeling very sure that the lesson of his life can hardly be lost or misapprehended. The events of the four years that followed his assumption of the Government—years of unparalleled suffering and trial, and of unflinching adherence to right and justice amidst the horrors and alarms of the bloodiest struggle of modern times—these are too well known to need recapitulation. How thoroughly the man of the people redeemed his pledge to the people, and postponed every consideration of his own interest or ease to their welfare—how ready and prompt he was to stay the shedding of blood and quench the spirit of revenge when his enemies were at his feet—and how, in a moment of seeming rest and tranquillity, he fell by the assassin's hand—all these things are still fresh in our memories, and we recall them involuntarily with the honoured name of Abraham Lincoln.



THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

### COTTON AND RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

At the end of last autumn Mr. William Campbell, a gentleman connected with railways in India, and recently returned from the East, communicated valuable information upon the capabilities of the Punjab and other districts for growing cotton. He was asked by the Council of the Cotton Supply Association to furnish them with a written report. Residing at Umritsur, which he describes as the Manchester of the Punjab for commerce and enterprise, he had opportunities of witnessing the marvellous changes effected by the opening of the railway from Lahore to Moultan. He is of opinion that the Punjab could by railways and by irrigation be made one of the most fertile and prosperous countries of the world. Scinde and the Punjab, with the States under control, cover an area of 130,000 square miles, with a population of about 25,000,000, industrious and hardy for labour; and the administration is a model to all parts of India.

Mr. Campbell's report, apart from its mere commercial aspect, presents so interesting a view of the progress and prospects of railways in India, that we are sure our readers will be glad to have some extracts from the personal narrative:—

I visited the railway stations at Bombay, and saw the passenger trains arrive and depart. There were crowds of native passengers, all of whom were quiet and orderly. I saw also the goods trains, and every waggon was well loaded, and full of cotton and general merchandise. It was said all over Bombay that the railway companies could not meet the wishes of the trading community, arising from a deficiency of rolling stock. Parties in the cotton districts had to wait for weeks before they could get their goods sent to port for shipment.

The passenger trains were well filled with second and third-class passengers. Many of the Parsee ladies rode

in the trains unveiled, a proof that caste is gradually giving way to modern customs.

After spending a few days at Bombay I left by steamer for Kurrachee, where we arrived on the second day at eight p.m. We landed, and proceeded at once to the Scinde railway-station. The traffic passing to and from the custom-house was very great, and increasing daily. The goods were being carried on bullock carts, camels, ponies, bullocks, mules, and on men's heads.

Kurrachee is the head-quarters of the Indo-European Telegraph, and has now become the port at which all European troops arrive or depart from India. It is also the western terminus of the Scinde Railway. The late General Sir Charles Napier said, in 1842, "If any civilised man should ask—Were you ruler of Scinde, what would you do? I would abolish the tolls on the rivers, make Kurrachee a free port, protect Shikarpore from robbers, make Sukkur a mart for trade on the Indus. I would make a trackway along its banks. I would get steamboats." These words were written twenty-three years ago, when Sir Charles Napier was Governor of Scinde, and I could not help thinking how prophetic they were when I was travelling through Kurrachee, and up the Indus. Sir Charles Napier says, "I would make a trackway along the banks of the Indus." I saw the staff of civil engineers who were engaged in the survey of the Indus Valley Railway, which will be the connecting link with the Scinde Railway at Kottree, and will join the Punjab Railway at Moulton. Sir Charles Napier further says, "I would get steamboats." I went from Kottree to Moulton by steamer, and made some of my notes on board. While at Kurrachee I saw large quantities of cotton arrive by train, and waiting to be shipped for England. Kottree is the eastern terminus of the Scinde Railway, and the departure port of the Indus steam flotilla. The traffic from Kurrachee to the Punjab and Central Asia will pass through Kottree. Here river travelling terminates, and the remaining distance is accomplished by rail. Trains leave Kottree for Kurrachee daily. The distance is about one hundred miles, and the time occupied upon the journey about five hours.

At Kottree, on the banks of the Indus, and near to the railway-station, was to be seen the whole of the cotton coming down the river by steamers and native boats.

The cotton occupied a large space. None of the bales were pressed. The Indus was high and rapid, and the current strong, and we proceeded only a very short distance the first day. We stopped every night at sundown at one of the wood or fuel stations. I landed and walked some distance inland to collect wild plants and flowers, and examine the quality of the land. The soil is in very good condition, and, in my opinion, well adapted for the growth of cotton. It is an alluvial deposit of great depth. I was a month journeying on the Indus, and I examined the soil at sundown (at twenty-eight different places) for twenty-eight days. I never saw anything to equal the rich quality of the soil on the banks of the Indus.

At Sukkur we stopped for half a day and a night to land goods and stores for the English army in Peshawur and Rawal Pindee, and other places in the Punjab. The goods were transhipped on small steamers, which plied on the Sutlej and some of the other rivers, from which great quantities of cotton were conveyed and left at Sukkur for the return of the Indus steam flotilla steamers.

I saw piles of cotton on the banks of the river at Jukhar, and ascended one of the highest minarets, and

had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. There is a very large tract of land, stretching as far as the eye can see, capable by a judicious system of irrigation of producing crops of wheat or cotton or of rice. A branch railway in connection with or from the Indus Valley Railway, from Sukkur by Shirkapore, and Jacobabad to Dodur, near to the entrance of the Bolan Pass, will add much to the prosperity of the town. Sukkur is the *entrepôt* of the produce and the manufactures of Kandahar, Bokhara, Herat, and other places, from whence come quantities of dried fruit, Persian carpets of beautiful texture and designs, wool, etc., for exportation. I saw the Bolan Pass from the steamer. When we entered the province of the Punjab, I observed a marked difference in the wheat, barley, and other crops. The wheat looked healthy and abundant, and the whole country along the banks of the river looked delightfully green and grateful to the sight after the dry and parched land of Scinde. The Persian wells were to be seen in great numbers on the banks of the Indus. At Moulton there were some thousands of bales of cotton waiting to be shipped on board the steamers and other boats for Kottree, thence by railway to Kurrachee.

Moulton is the western terminus of the Punjab Railway. I left Moulton for Lahore by rail. The country on either side of the railway is a jungle, but the land is level and good, and a canal made from Lahore to Moulton would soon improve the state of the country. As soon as I entered the Punjab I saw signs of British enterprise in all directions, and as a proof that British rule is popular and good, the maharajahs and chiefs of the province have subscribed nearly £20,000 sterling for the purpose of erecting some suitable testimonial in honour of the previous governor, Sir Robert Montgomery. The whole of this sum is left in the hands of Mr. Cooper, C.B., her Majesty's Commissioner at Lahore.

I left Lahore for Umritsur, where I remained for several months. While there I had opportunities of acquiring a local knowledge of the traffic of this city. Umritsur is the Manchester of the Punjab for commerce and enterprising merchants. I saw the old mode of transit of goods from Umritsur to Moulton and other places by road, and witnessed the transfer of that traffic from the road to the railway, on the opening of the Punjab Railway from Lahore to Moulton, and the change was so great that I was deeply impressed with it, more so than by any similar change I have witnessed, though closely engaged in railway work in England for more than a quarter of a century. When telegrams were received from England for cotton, a demand was made all over the city and in the country for vehicles and camels. I saw the native mode of transit, which I note, so that you may have some idea of the change. There were thousands of camels employed, and the bullock train was used for the conveyance of general merchandise and cotton. I saw this wretched bullock train—the necks of the animals being covered with dreadful sores, going at the speed of two and a half miles per hour. Cotton was also carried by every other conceivable method—on camels, ponies, bullocks, mules, donkeys, hackneys, and on men's heads, going from Umritsur to Moulton, a journey of upwards of 258 miles, there to be shipped to Kurrachee, thence to England. Man and animal used to travel day and night, resting but very little on the journey, exposed by day to a blazing sun and clouds of dust, and to the dews and deadly fogs at night. The time occupied on the journey varied from ten to twenty days. The goods are now sent 258 miles by railway in one day.

This, then, is a simple account of the change effected in the conveyance of goods; and, when I think of the dreadful torture to dumb animals all over India previous to the introduction of the railway system, I cannot help expressing my admiration of the immense benefits derived from the change, and the pleasure produced by the extinction of a practice at once barbarous and cruel.

Umritsur, besides being the wealthiest city in the Punjab, is a place of pilgrimage for the Sikh nation. There are 600 priests attached to the temple, and service is performed in it day and night. I shall now note the change in the passenger traffic. I witnessed the change from the road to the rail in England. I now witness the change in India, which is much greater. The native pilgrims to and from the Ganges, native pilgrims to and from Mecca, the pilgrims to and from the Golden Temple of Umritsur, the poorest native woman with her baby, to and from the Bazaar, now feel that they travel in perfect safety. All classes and castes have taken kindly to railway travelling. Passenger traffic is on the increase all over India. I have myself assisted in putting as many as 3,200 natives in one train in perfect order. Some of the carriages in the Punjab contain two storeys. The native women have carriages for themselves, and they prefer to ride in the top storey. The starting of the train is orderly, much more so than a train containing a similar number of passengers in any part of England. But on the arrival of a train the noise is perfectly deafening, particularly if the night is dark—wives calling for their husbands, husbands responding and calling upon their wives, make it a scene of noise, bustle, and confusion that once seen can never be forgotten. All is over in about twenty minutes, the platform cleared, peace restored, without any accident or harm happening to any of them.

The journey from Lahore to the base of the Murree Hills was performed during the night in a garry, or native two-horse vehicle. I arrived at the ferry of the Jhelum river at three o'clock in the morning. I was actually six hours in crossing. Every second yard the boat stuck in the mud. A correspondent of an Indian newspaper, as far back as April, 1855, says, "I brought to England a small quantity of cotton (the raw material), grown from acclimatised American cotton seed, in a district on the banks of the river Jhelum. This specimen I had shown to several cotton spinners in Manchester. They pronounced it to be the finest specimen of cotton they had seen grown in India, even directly from American seed, and to be worth from 6½d. to 6¾d. per lb."

The rivers in the Punjab are the Indus, which flows under Attock; the Jhelum, which flows under Jhelum city; the Chenab runs between Guzerat and Wuzerabad; the Ravee flows under Lahore; the Beas, between Umritsur and Jullender. The Sutlej flows near Lodiana, and the Jumna, near Delhi. The Trenab is formed by three rivers flowing into it—the Jhelum, Ravee, and Chenab. Along the banks of these rivers lie portions of land admirably adapted for the growth of cotton.

I saw in the Bazaar at Rawal Pindee a large space of ground occupied with cotton bales, to be sent by bullock trains. At Rawal Pindee I engaged a doolie, that I might be carried some 8,000 or 9,000 feet up in the Himalayas. I may remark that the first bales of cotton I saw were in the harbour of Alexandria, and the last far away in the Himalayas, many thousands of miles apart. I met about twenty men early one morning loaded with cotton: they looked tired and footsore. Each had a heavy load of cotton on his back, and to each burden was attached six pairs of straw sandals.

They were very fine men and very courteous. They said they came from (or near) Gilzit, a region occupied by a class of people whose traditions tell them that they are the descendants of Alexander the Great's army.

As a proof of how general the growth of cotton has become in the East, besides the places already quoted, I may state that I saw it on my return journey to Delhi and Calcutta, at every station and in every town, and on the roads, being there carried by camels and bullocks.

Appended to Mr. Campbell's narrative is a statement of the existing condition of the railways of India:—

The East India Railway Company, the head offices and eastern terminus of which are at Calcutta. The north-western terminus is at Delhi. At present the trains start from Delhi, on the east side of the Jumna river. A railway bridge over the Jumna and a terminus were nearly finished when I passed through Delhi. This bridge will connect Delhi with Calcutta and the Delhi Railway to Umritsur without any inconvenience to travellers.

The Madras Railway Company has its head office and terminus at Madras, and its western terminus at Bellore. It will join the Great Indian Peninsular Railway at or near Hyderabad. By this junction Madras and Bombay can exchange traffic.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway has its head office and its eastern terminus in Bombay. A branch of this line goes to Jubbulpore, and joins there the East Indian Branch Railway to Allahabad, thence to Delhi or Calcutta.

The Bombay and Baroda Railway Company has its head office in Bombay. It is proposed to make a branch to Hyderabad, the great military station in Scinde, where it will join the eastern terminus of the Scinde Railway and the junction of the proposed Indus Valley Railway.

The Scinde Railway Company has its head office and western terminus at Kurrachee. Its eastern terminus is at Kottree, the starting-point of the Indus steam flotilla. It will join the Bombay and Baroda, as stated above, and exchange traffic with the Bombay Presidency at or near Kottree.

The Indus Valley Railway Company. This line will be a continuation of the Scinde Railway. It has been surveyed, and is only waiting the Government sanction to construct it. It will join the Scinde Railway at Kottree, and follow the course of the Indus to Mooltan, where it will join the Punjab Railway. It will have a branch from Sukkur to the Bolan Pass. This line will be one of the connecting links which will join Central Asia to Central India, by which passengers and goods will be conveyed to and from those countries.

The Punjab Railway Company has its head office and western terminus at Lahore; its eastern terminus at Mooltan. It was opened for public traffic from Lahore to Mooltan in May, 1865. It will join the Indus Valley at Mooltan.

The Umritsur Railway has its head office and eastern terminus at Lahore; its western terminus at Umritsur. It has been opened for several years, and is about thirty miles in length. It joins the Mooltan line at Lahore. Trains for passengers and goods run regularly between Umritsur, Lahore, and Mooltan. Umritsur, it is thought, will be the terminus of the Delhi Railway Company.

The Delhi Railway Company. This line has its head office in Lahore: it is being constructed, and is expected to be opened in a few years. It will connect the East India Railway at Delhi, and the Punjab and Umritsur Railways at Umritsur.



The Lahore and Peshawar Railway Company. This line has been surveyed, and will be a most important link with all the great railways in India and Peshawar, at the entrance of the Kyber Pass. It has to cross three rivers—the Ravee, the Chenab, and the Jhelum. The country from Lahore (its southern terminus) for eighty miles is flat, so that there will be no engineering difficulties. The northern terminus will be at Peshawar, the north-west boundary of British India, and near to the Kyber Pass. I saw the traffic locally on the Grand Trunk Road by day and by night. It is proposed to make a branch to the salt range, the mines of which the Government have the monopoly, and they are inexhaustible. There will be a tunnel in the salt range about a mile and a half long. Mr. Lee Smith, civil engineer, who was in charge of the survey of the line, kindly showed me all his plans, which he was preparing for the Indian Government. The subject of a railway to Peshawar I found to be the engrossing topic among all classes along that part of India, which is the only apology I can offer for the length of my remarks on it.

During my journey through the cotton districts in India, I observed immense piles of cotton and other goods at the railway-stations, waiting the arrival of waggons to convey the traffic to seaport towns to be shipped to England. It was found perfectly impossible to meet the demand for rolling stock; in reference to which Mr. Danvers, the Government director of the Indian railways, in his report of 1865-66 to the Secretary of State for India in council, says: "At some of the stations on the East Indian Railway such was the demand for trucks, that it is supposed bribes were given to secure a preference, and it was proposed by a committee appointed to apply a remedy, that the trucks should be put up to auction, ignoring altogether the established rates. This would not have been a proper arrangement, and it was accordingly decided to fix higher charges generally. The rolling stock is inadequate for the present traffic. Orders have been given for 418 engines, delivery of which will, however, be spread over three or four years."

Since then the companies have made great exertions to get the necessary supply of engines and waggons, and in the Government official report of 1866-67, I find that most of the railways have increased their rolling stock. The number of locomotives added in 1866 was 70. The number of passenger carriages in 1866 was 250. The number of trucks and waggons in 1866 was 1,273, which, added to the rolling stock on hand, made a gross total on all the railways on the 31st December, 1866, of 19,280 vehicles.

"The length of line open for traffic had, during the year 1866, been increased from 3,331 miles to 3,638 miles, and the extent now sanctioned (including the Indian Branch Railway) is 5,641, instead of 4,924 miles. One-third of the whole will probably have to be made with a double line within the next five or six years.

"On the 1st January last, the total amount of goods which had been provided for the railways from this country was 3,195,862 tons, which cost about £20,200,000."

In 1864-65 the number of passengers was about 12,500,000. In 1865-66, they amounted to about 12,867,000, and 10,120,920 train miles were run.

It appears that 94 per cent. travel in third, 4.78 travel in the second, and 1.12 in the first class, from which it will be seen that "cheap fares are stronger than caste."

It is fully expected that by the beginning of 1869 continuous railway communication between Calcutta, Madras,

Bombay, and the Punjab will be established. The clearing-house system of this country will soon be applied to India, and the most satisfactory arrangements will be made for the interchange of traffic, which must be advantageous both for the companies and the public. There will also be a thorough audit of accounts by well qualified persons.

The railway system in India is a great boon to the English soldier. Nothing so tends to swell the sick list of a corps as the ordinary march through the country, owing to the men being exposed to varieties of temperature, dew, and chill, and to bad water, fertile sources of dysentery and other fatal diseases.

Those who have travelled much through the north-west provinces and parts of the Punjab must frequently have remarked the numerous rude pieces of tin bearing a name, probably half obliterated, nailed to trees and posts in the vicinity of encamping grounds, these homely mementoes being placed there to denote the last resting-place of a comrade or friend.

Such scenes are of course rarer now than formerly. The large number of deaths constantly occurring on the line of march must naturally diminish on the completion of railway communication.

There are many men now in India who will recollect being on the march during the Sutlej and Punjab campaign from five to six months, and after all they did not arrive at the scene of conflict in sufficient time to participate in what they reckoned the honour of an engagement with the enemy.

When the Presidencies are joined by the railway system each with the other, the Commander-in-Chief can, in the event of mutiny, invasion, or war, telegraph to all the military stations, and order, if necessary, from Bombay, Madras, and Bengal, simultaneously, by the various railways, an army of 100,000 soldiers, including every arm of the service. This army can be landed in one week at the Khyber Pass, or in any part of India to which the railway system will be extended.

### CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

WHY should a man "be dead a hundred years"—by which time nobody cares much about him—before it is reckoned quite timely to illustrate his character by publishing any of his correspondence? Assuredly there are very many letters of the recently lost, and even of the living, which may be laid before the world, not only to the profit of the readers but to the honour of the writers. Her Majesty has afforded us a most admirable example of this in the publication of the Memoirs of her lamented Consort. And it must have occurred to every thoughtful mind, that a single letter, or a single expression in a letter, has often marked a striking trait in the character of the writer, which might furnish a key to the right interpretation of much of his outward life and action.

My present object, however, is far from discussing the general question, and simply refers to the first of these propositions, and a desire to submit some characteristic examples from a few letters which may possess peculiar individuality, and sometimes throw a light upon points of public interest. They are taken from a mass of papers accumulated during a long period, in correspondence with many of the memorable men of the times; and I trust that not a line has escaped me which could hurt a feeling of the living or violate a sanctuary of the dead. I regret that the necessity for conveying

the complete sense of the letters should have forced me to allow passages complimentary to myself to pass, but the dilemma could not be avoided; and it would be easy (without claiming personal desert) to show the reason why such liberal praise was bestowed upon the conductor of a periodical (the "Literary Gazette") which had the merit of originating a new and popular form of intellectual intercommunication, opening hitherto sealed sources of information, and supplying a more frequent channel for letting the world know what was doing by the working men in science, literature, and the fine arts. They were pleased with this ready means, and during many years contributed to the success of their medium, till numbers divided attention, and it passed away, leaving the enlarged and important sphere to be enlightened by the great amount of talent now illuminating the periodical press with every succeeding week. And I trust that small apology may be deemed necessary for an editor who could not regret that his holding the candle was recompensed by so much laudation.\*

So, without further preface, I begin my series with one estimable friend, lately lost to the science he so especially adorned—

MICHAEL FARADAY.

His simplicity of manner, genial character, and scientific attainments, have been so unanimously dwelt upon by the public press, that I will confine my introductory remarks to a very few words. Without a trace of assumption or self-assertion, the great philosophical unfold of the hidden phenomena of Nature resembled in society a fine ingenuous boy, quick and "all-alive" to whatever was going forward, with a merry laugh on occasion, and never a dogmatic brow. He was truly a delightful companion, and a wonderfully clear instructor when drawn upon for the latest discovered secrets, of which he held the master-key. The annexed, relating to an important epoch in the Royal Institution, is, in my humble judgment, purely characteristic of the writer:—

Royal Institution, January 23rd, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—So soon as I was allowed I hasten to tell you of what I am sure will, in your public and private capacity, give you great pleasure—Mr. Fuller's splendid patronage of science at our Institution. He has communicated to the managers his intention of founding a Professorship of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, with a salary of £100 per annum. He is now engaged in securing trustees of the highest national character, in whose name he may invest the large sum necessary to produce this income; and in a week or two you will hear of the act being completed.

I need not tell you what pleasure and encouragement it gives us, at this commencement of a new season, to find that our exertions at the Institution are not in vain, but that, besides the award of high praise as to scientific character, both abroad and at home, we are also securing a continued existence by obtaining support.

I cannot resist telling you that Mr. Fuller makes it a condition that I should be the first to fill the new chair. You may be sure that I will endeavour to fill it honorably, and, if possible, make the Fullerman Professorship high in character from its very commencement.

I am allowed to tell you these things as matter of conversation; but, if you think right to use the knowledge, you must not refer to me as the source: it would look too like quackery. Whether you care about noticing Mr. Fuller's generous intentions or not, I am sure you will be glad to know them.

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

M. FARADAY.

I am tempted to add an extract from a much later letter, to show how prompt he was to acknowledge the

merit and spread abroad the fame of his contemporary labourers.

Royal Institution, 11 January, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write this note principally for the purpose of stating the subject of the opening ceremony, which I must give. I thought that perhaps you would like to mention it in the next Gazette, as being new to English men of science. Mossotti, who is, I believe, appointed a Professor at Corfu, has, by recent clever and deep investigation, shown that it is probable the phenomena of electric attraction and repulsion, with the attraction of aggregation and the attraction of gravitation, may be reduced to one simple law, as much more universal than gravitation as these three sets of effects exceed those of gravity alone. It will, of course, be my business to give this as popular a form as I can at the meeting in question.

Ever, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

M. FARADAY.

It was with great gratification that I have observed Her Majesty's spontaneous command to the Earl of Derby, as Prime Minister, to take into consideration the claim of Mr. Faraday's widow to national consideration. For our quiet philosopher was not only most worthy of honour for his splendid achievements in the highest walks of science, but eminently deserving of reward for the application of his researches to public services of general utility. In 1842 I was one of the witnesses of the experiments on his admirable invention for carrying off the heat and products of combustion from artificial light (an invention worthy to compete with his predecessor Davy's safety-lamp); but this was only one of many of the beneficial improvements in the general requirements of civilised society, which he was always suggesting or bringing forward. His portrait, engraved by C. Turner in 1838, ought now to be revived and published.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

On selecting a foreign subject for my next illustration, a brief explanatory introduction may serve to give it more point. In October 1846, noticing in the "Literary Gazette" the author's "Poets' Bazaar," I expressed a hope that he would fulfil "his intentions of coming to visit us in London." A letter from Copenhagen, to his friend Mr. Lahmeyer in London, and courteously communicated to me, informed us of, at any rate, merely the postponement of this hope, as Andersen had returned from Naples, broken down in health, though shielded by three royal orders, and was forced to discontinue his projected travels through Spain and Portugal to England. He, however, soon after made out the journey direct, and, expressing a wish to be introduced to me, I met him with most cordial feelings, and had my admiration of the poet exalted by an equal esteem for the man. To me his genius seemed to revel within a sphere of perfect purity. He was simplicity itself—the child of nature. I had great delight in doing what I could to render his stay amongst us agreeable to his wishes.

I can imagine no other human being expressing more frankly the genuine feelings of the heart, with the utmost sincerity and without the least reserve, than Hans C. Andersen. The following note, brief as it is, may be reckoned a fair specimen of his enthusiastic and poetic spirit\* :—

Lexmound, Trinity, near Edinburgh.

16 August, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am in Scotland, in the town of Walter Scott, in the mountains of Burns; it is beautiful sunshine, and I am in a hospitable Danish home: it cannot be better. Next

\* The needful introductory matter is as brief as possible, and if a brief anecdote is here and there thrown in, it will, it is hoped, be found in harmony with the design.

\* The names of places, it will be seen, are not correctly spelled: but I have given the writer *Literatim*, and the localities will be readily recognised not only by Scottish but English readers. Andersen's mastery of our language is far beyond the ordinary foreign mark.

Thursday I intend going to the Highland, and, if health and strength permit, to Loch Lagan, where Prince Albert will see me; but first of all, my dear friend, I must send you my kind regards and sincere thanks for all your friendly attentions. In ten or twelve days I shall return to London, where I only remain two days; time will not permit a longer stay, as I must be in Lipsic on the first of September. Do you think I could have the pleasure of meeting Bulwer and Dickens—my dear Dickens—in these two days? I shall previously inform you of the day of my arrival. Pray present my kind regards to your home, and remember me to Lady Blessington.

Yours truly,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

I have only to explain that his compliment to Lady Blessington was due to her hospitality in having invited him the first on his arrival, under my charge, to Gore House, where, to his unfeigned and never-forgotten astonishment, he dined with the present Emperor of the French and the Duke of Wellington, (then Prince Napoleon and Marquis of Douro), at the head of the table. The bewildered author could by no means reconcile himself to the fact that the nephew of the mighty Napoleon, and the son of the conquering hero, could sit down, even with a lady between them, without fighting à l'outrance.

In the way of illustrating by characteristic letters, I may here introduce another tribute to the Danish Knight (of Danneburg), an invitation at once cordial and flattering, but amusing from the contrast, and the "base use" of being one of the attractions in a Lord Mayor's fête. The note is from the celebrated civic magnate, Sir Peter Laurie:—

7, Park Square, 29 June, 1847.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have this moment received a note from Mr. Andersen, saying he is engaged for to-morrow. Now I have told the Lord Mayor, &c., &c., and they are coming to see him, and Haynes is coming to report his speech. Can you see him? and, as we dine at 8, he can get to a fashionable dinner at half-past seven. Pray see him; he says some other opportunity we shall have. No other opportunity for twelve months. I want a "lion;" poor Sir Geo. Pollock is not well enough.\*

Yours truly,

P. LAURIE.

After his return home I received the following:—

Copenhagen, 17 March, 1848.  
Dronningens tvegade, 147.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My happy stay in England, where you, in particular, contributed so much to my comfort, stands so vividly in my thoughts that it almost appears to me as if it were but a few weeks since I was there; if, however, I look into the almanac it shows me that it is months since, and I reproach myself for not having written to you, not thanked you for the indescribably hearty reception you gave me, and that good feeling you have shown towards me. Almost every week have I thought of writing to you; but a new story, a chapter of my new work, or a business letter which I was compelled to answer, has sprung in between. But now I will write, and in thought look into your clear, honest eyes, &c. \* \* \* \* \* But this is altogether in thought; yet this letter is but a shadow thereof, and this I send you, and know that thoughts are realities.

I have, since we saw each other, had the great misfortune to lose my beloved King Christian the Eighth. He was a noble, an accomplished, and an amiable man, who felt warmly for all that was good and clever. To me he was more than

gracious, he showed the most sincere sympathy and kindness towards me. I cannot as yet accustom myself to the thought that I have lost him for ever in this world. I will here give you a little trait of him, which shows how thoughtful he was even in minor affairs. When I left here for England, he said to me, on taking leave, "It is expensive to live in England; I should not like you to be in any pecuniary embarrassment there, and if it should be the case, then write to me." I felt this tender care for me, it affected me, and I thanked him, at the same time telling him that I should not be in any difficulty, as I had a certain sum which I had received for the German edition of my collected works, and that more I should not and could not expend. "I mean it with the best intention," said the king: "it might happen that you required more; if so, write to me." It was said so kindly and so heartily, and I answered as I ought to do, "No, your Majesty, I cannot accept your offer, I do not require it, and I have already had so many and different proofs of your great condescension; but if you will permit me to write a letter to you, and tell you how it fares with me, what impression the country and the people make on me." And the king allowed it, and I wrote such a letter as he received with his whole heart and mind.

You know not how firmly, how sincerely I loved that man; not for his crown's sake, but for his whole personality. May God gladden him in heaven, as he would willingly have gladdened all on earth. It was, of course, only an accident, but there often lies in that accident a strangely poetic one. It is said here that on the very day the king died a wild swan came flying towards Roeskilde church (the cathedral church in which all the Danish kings are entombed); the swan's flight was so rapid that it struck its breast against one of the spires, and fell down dead.

The late great events that have taken place in France have also affected me deeply; it is a serious time that now unfolds itself; yet, whatever may happen, however much may change and fall, there is One who will never change, never fall—God!

Among the few sunbeams that have of late fallen on me, and which I gather to my heart, like a cheerful scene on a gloomy day, is a kindly letter from Charles Dickens, and a truly sisterly one from Jenny Lind, in Stockholm. She speaks with much pleasure of her coming departure for London; I wish that I could think of a similar one, but it will not be. The Grand-Duke of Weimar has done me the honour to send me a knight order, and the King Oscar of Sweden has conferred on me the order of the North Star. These proofs of a desire to honour and gratify me always make a sad impression on me; and yet I am glad, but feel an anxiety as if I did not deserve them.

My new work I think will appear in London in July. It is now twelve years since I wrote my first novel, "Only a Fiddler." I hope that this will surpass the earlier ones in the rounding off and drawing of the characters.

How is that excellent young man Mr. Durham? He promised me that I should have a cast of Jenny Lind's and my own bust early in the spring. Glad as I should be at any time to receive such a gift, yet I think I must beg you to remind him, if it interests him, to leave these two works of art in the Danish Gallery of Art, which opens on the second of April, and continues open for five weeks; that, if he sends the busts well packed to Mr. Hambro and Son, 70, Old Broad Street, London, they will forward them by the first vessel.

Will you give my most hearty and respectful compliments to the Countess of Blessington? I have a little story for her next Annual, which I will take the liberty to send her. I hope she received a book from me through Mr. Bentley.

My compliments to Dickens—I will write to him myself soon, to thank him for his friendly letter. Give my heartfelt greeting to your family, and be you yourself a friend, as I shall be, and am,

Your sincerely attached

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The "excellent young man Mr. Durham" has since risen to be the eminent sculptor, and member of the Royal Academy, to which distinction his busts of Hans Andersen and of Jenny Lind were admirable stepping-stones to pave the way.

Of Andersen's second visit to London, though the novelty had worn off, much might be written; but I have already for the present filled my space, and have to bid my dearly valued friend farewell.

\* Poor Sir George Pollock had returned, laden with laurels, from the India he had redeemed by his daring and glorious march through the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, and had not yet recovered from his wasting labours and responsibilities. He is now healthily and happily enjoying the highest Indian honours he so nobly won; and how cheering must be the reflection of our youthful friends, that by their own conduct the respected chief citizen of London, and the victorious general, had raised themselves from the ranks. Sir P. Laurie had been a saddler in the employment of Her Majesty's saddler, Mr. Pollock, King's Mews, Charing Cross, when George his son was a young boy!

† Further praises, in anticipation of meetings, though extremely characteristic of the writer, are omitted.



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**PART 195.**

**THE**

**LEISURE HOUR**

MARCH, 1868.

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3	Len. of Day roh. 58m.	21	W. rises 6.25 A.M.	29	T. farthest from S.	27	S. rises 5.47 A.M.
4	W. sets 5.43 P.M.	22	Clock bef. 3 pm. 47s.	30	F. Spring commences	28	Pallas dis. 1802
5	T. Twilight e. 7.39 P.M.	23	F. Uranus dis. 1781	31	S. sets 6.14 P.M.	29	S. SUN. IN LENT
6	F. nearest to S.	24	S. Twilight b. 4.23 A.M.	1	4 SUN. IN LENT	30	M. Clock bef. 4 am. 25s.
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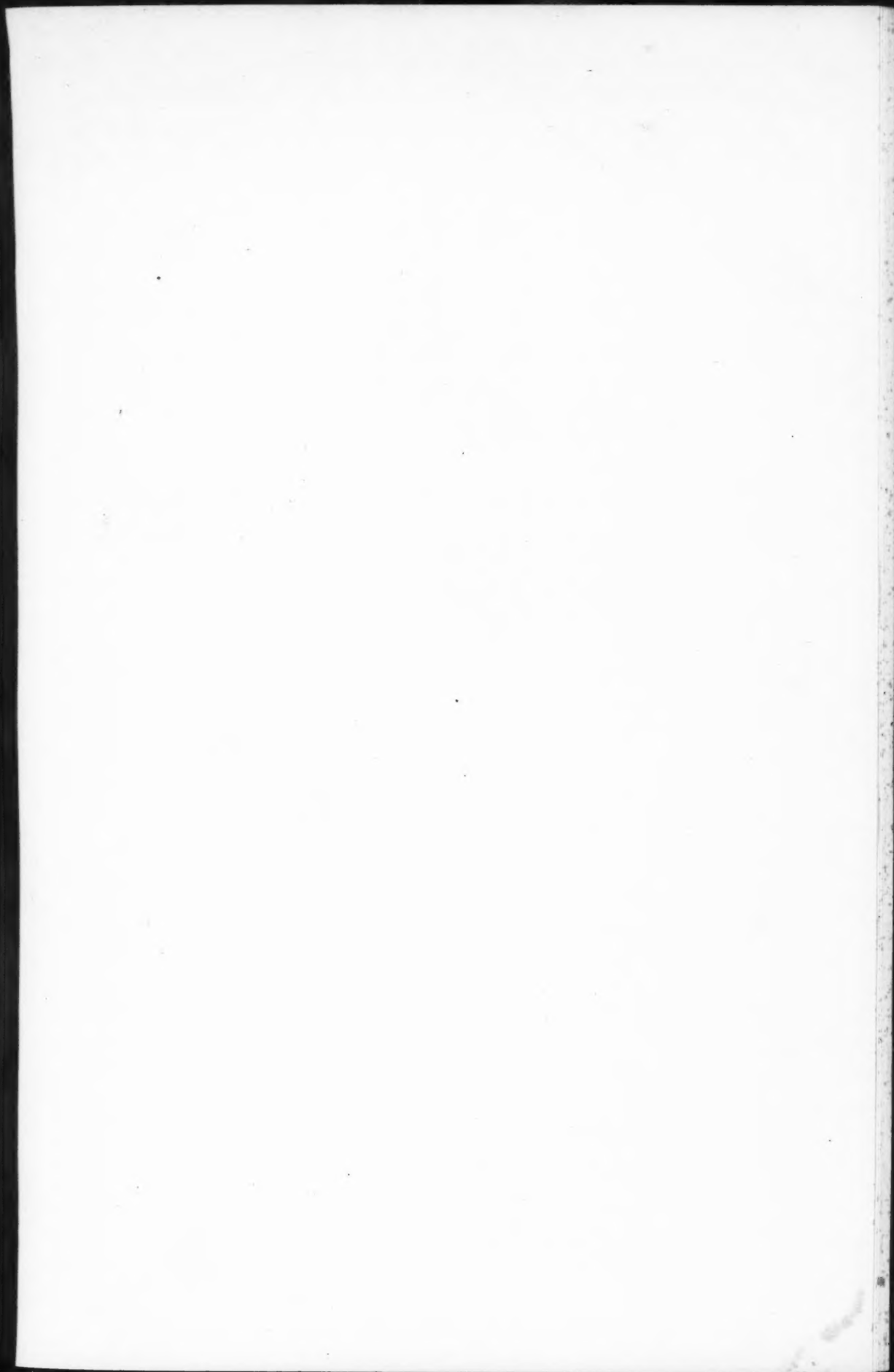
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THE LITTLE HOPE.

MARCH 2ND 1863.



From a sketch by Lieut. Mellicott, R.N.

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Drawn on Wood by Commander May, A.M.